



# THE DEVIL IS A PART- TIMER! High School!

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TRANSLATION  
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CHARACTER DESIGN  
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5

The Devil is a Part-Timer!  
High School

ART: KUROHIME MUSHIMA  
ORIGINAL STORY: SATORU WAKABANA  
CHARACTER DESIGN: KEP (SHIRO)

# THE DEVIL IS A PART- TIMER! High School



A  
SPIN-OFF OF  
THE DEVIL IS A  
PART-TIMER!  
FROM YEN  
ON!!



The Devil is a Part-Timer! High School 5

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UGH

...

# 保健室















EXACTLY  
HOW HAS HE  
BEEN KIND  
TO YOU-?

WOULD YOU  
MIND TELLING  
YOUR SENSEI  
ABOUT IT, IN  
DEEETAIL  
...?

EEPI!  
WAIT A  
SEC.  
EME...!

I MAY TAKE  
YOUR PLACE  
AND SLAY THE  
DEVIL, KING  
MYSELF-!

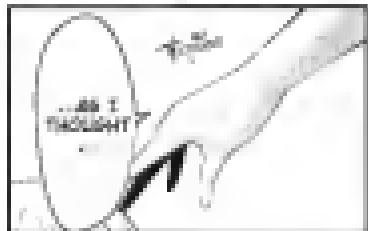
DEPENDING  
ON THE  
STORY... I  
EMERALD  
EMPEROR

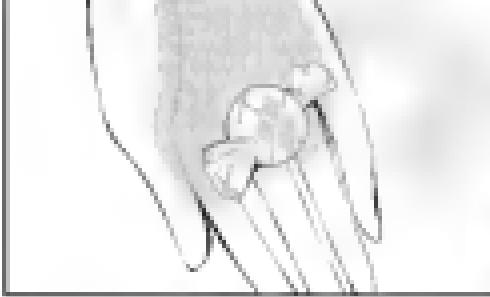
... THAT'S  
WHY HE  
WON THE  
ELECTION

I'M JUST  
SAYING, HE  
HAS A LOT OF  
PEOPLE ON HIS  
SIDE IN THIS  
WORLD

I DON'T  
KNOW  
WHAT  
YOU'RE  
TRYING  
TO SAY.  
BUT  
LUCKY  
YOU'RE  
STRONG  
ONE THAT  
HEHEHE

AAA-





EHE...



...AS  
WELL  
AS MY  
STUDENT-  
♪

AFTER  
ALL, YOU'RE  
A PRECIOUS  
FRIEND OF  
MINE...

THANKS!



YUP-

YUP-



SO, ERINA, DO  
YOU WANT TO  
FEEL MUCH  
BETTER...

...WHAT'S  
THIS? AN  
ENERGY  
DRINK...?

Ta-  
da-ja-  
haaaan!  
Choco-  
Love  
Episode!  
♪









241  
W.

# 生徒会

НМУ

НАААН  
НАН  
НАН  
НАН!!!

HEE!

NEW COUNCIL PRESIDENT  
SABOJI MAMOU, CLASS 2-4

HEE!

AND  
NOW, IT'S  
TIME TO  
REAP THE  
BENEFITS...

FINALLY,  
I'M STUDENT  
COUNCIL  
PRESIDENT  
...!

NO  
SCHOOL  
FEES!  
THE  
FOOD  
AND THE  
SCHOOL  
STORE  
ARE ALL  
FREE...!

NO  
SCHOOL  
FEES!

YOUR  
DEMONIC  
HIGH-  
NESS!

FU-HA!  
HAH!

BUT, MY TEACHER

YOU WERE  
ELECTED TO  
THIS PRESIDENCY  
AFTER EXCITING  
THE BENEFITS  
OF HARD  
WORK

YOU MAY  
HAVE SPECIAL  
PRIVILEGES...

PRESIDENT'S ASSISTANT/  
DANTON  
SABOJI MAMOU

BRWANT













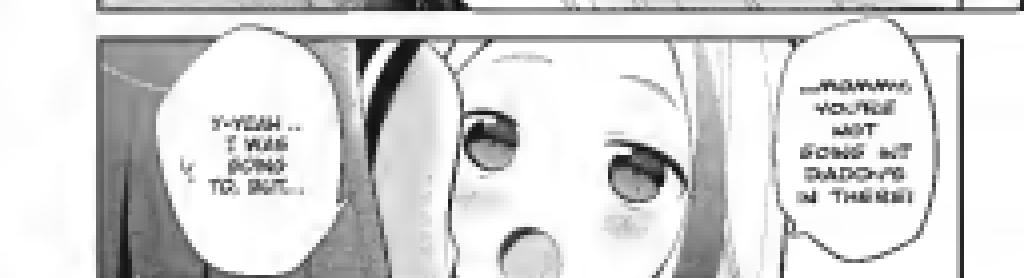




EX-PRESIDENTIAL  
CANDIDATE FOR THE  
STUDENT COUNCIL  
EMI YOSA, CLASS 2-A

WELL, HOW  
ABOUT YOU,  
LAUGH?

HUH?  
DUDE,  
HOL!



YEAH ...  
I WAS  
BORN  
TO BAIT...

...PROBABLY  
YOU'LL  
NEED  
SOME  
SHADOWS  
IN THERE!



HOW  
COULD  
I EVER  
SAY  
THAT...?

COMING  
IN  
NOW  
AND  
OFFERING  
TO RUN THE  
STUDENT  
COUNCIL  
TOGETHER  
...?













































YES!  
KISAKI-  
SENSEI!!

SO, CAN  
ANYONE  
SOLVE THE  
RENT—?

... COULD  
THE  
VISITORS  
REMAIN  
SILENT,  
PLEASE?

YEAH,  
MAXIMA

A PROBLEM  
LIKE THAT  
SHALL BE  
SOLVED  
ELEGANTLY  
BY MAXI-  
MAMA, OUR  
NEW STUDENT  
COUNCIL  
PRESIDENT!

GIVE 'EM  
HELL, MY  
LIEGE!

ARE YOU  
REFERRING TO  
KISAKI-  
SENSEI OR  
ADMIRAL  
KAGAMI  
...?

ARE YOU  
UP FOR IT,  
MA-PLUM?

YEAH  
...















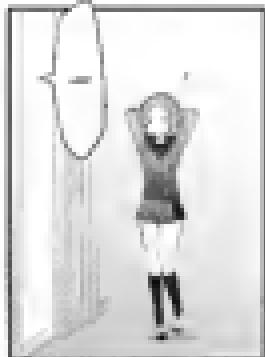
















LADIES  
AND  
GENTLEMEN  
OF THE  
STUDENT  
BODY, FOR  
THOSE WHO  
HAVE  
ISSUES WITH  
MAOU'S  
STUDENT  
COUNCIL,  
STAND  
WITH  
US!

HI-  
YAH!

RIKA,  
STORY CALM  
DOWN!!

IF YOU  
DON'T LIKE  
SOMETHING,  
YOU HAVE  
TO BUY  
IT!

HOW  
IS?

OH, I'M  
TOTALLY  
CALM!







...YOU RAISE  
A CHILD  
TOGETHER...

YOU GO  
TO SCHOOL  
TOGETHER

...YOU  
STUDY  
TOGETHER...

BUT  
IF YOU  
PARENT...

...THAT  
YOU'RE  
STILL  
POSS...

IF YOU  
WERE REALLY  
HUMAN, YOU  
WOULDN'T DO  
ANY OF THAT.

—

CH-  
OPEN...

—TAKE ME  
HOSTAGE  
IN ORDER  
TO DEFEND  
THE HEDSY

...YOU  
COULD AT  
LEAST DO  
SOMETHING  
LIFE...







DO  
THERE  
ANYTHING  
ELSE YOU  
WANTED TO  
SAY TO  
ME?

...WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE, EMY?

I  
COULDN'T  
SAY IT  
BEFORE...

I—

OH  
TODAY,  
RIGHT  
NOW,  
IS SO  
GREA...



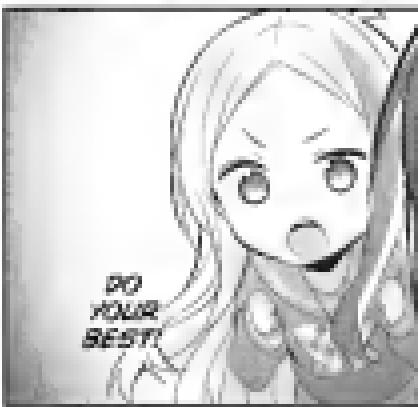
I WANT  
TO BE  
WITH YOU  
MORE!

NOT  
BECAUSE  
OF ALAS  
BAMUS  
OR THOSE  
FRENCH  
FRENCH...

THE  
WANT  
WANT—  
THE WIND















THE  
ELECTION'S  
OVER, AND  
I KNOW MY  
PARENTS  
ARE ALIVE.  
NOW...

...I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
HOW I SHOULD  
APPROACH  
YOU.

SO  
NOW...

...I  
THINK OUR  
RELATIONSHIP  
HAS CHANGED A  
GREAT DEAL...

EVER SINCE  
WE RAN INTO ALIAS  
RAKUSU ON THE ROOF  
HERE...

I THOUGHT IT OVER, BUT I COULDN'T COME UP WITH AN ANSWER. ...BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHOGO SHOUD BE TO BE PUSA EITHER.

YOU AREN'T THE DEVIL, KONO SATAN. BEING THE HERO ISN'T EASY...





...I WANT  
TO LEARN  
MORE  
ABOUT  
YOU.





...SO  
I WANT TO  
SPEND MORE  
TIME WITH  
YOU.

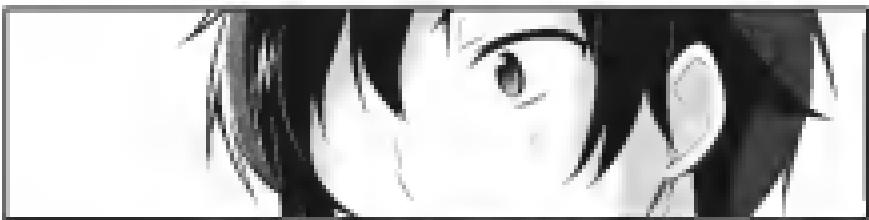
I WANT TO  
KNOW MORE  
THAN I DO  
NOW...



DOES  
THAT...  
BOTHER  
YOU?









GOOD  
TO MEET  
YOU ONCE  
AGAIN.



SORRY  
GIRL-CHAN  
I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
DOWN.



SURE  
THING!



THE END

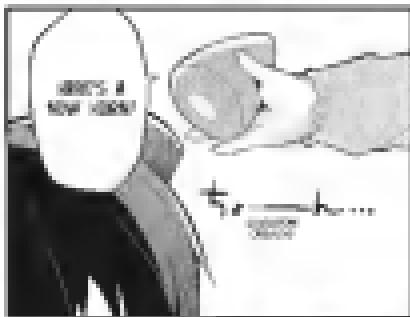
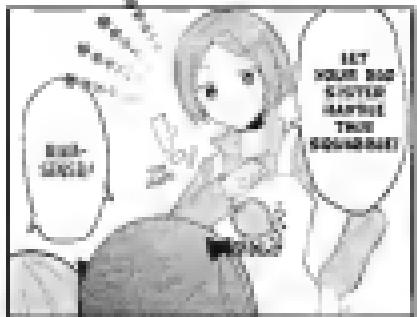


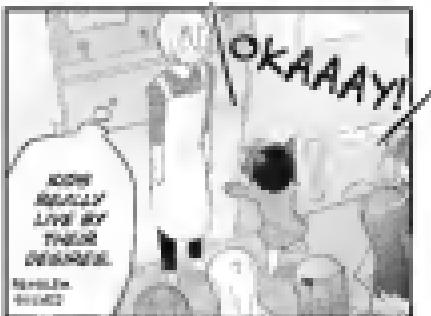


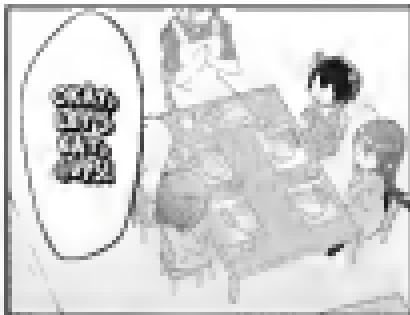
# THE DEVIL ISH A KINDER- GARTENER!

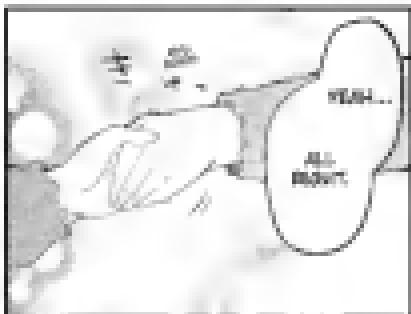














I'LL MAKE  
WHATEVER  
YOU WANT  
FOR DINNER  
TONIGHT,  
YOUNG PRINCE  
MACHIEKI!



UH, HOW  
ABOUT SOME  
STEAK?

AT LEAST  
LET IT BE  
ROUND  
BECAUSE MY  
LADY...



THAT'S BECAUSE  
I'VE GOT YOU,  
ANGEL!



# AFTER-WORD.

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, ALL YOU  
MANGA Lovers!

THIS IS THE FINAL VOLUME OF "KAT AND  
THE PANTHERS" ANGEL HIGH SCHOOL.  
I'VE BEEN HANDLING THIS MANGA FOR  
JUST OVER TWO YEARS, AND I'M SO  
HAPPY!

FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART, I'D  
LIKE TO THANK YOSHIMURA-SAN FOR THE  
ORIGINAL NOVELS, OSA-SAN FOR THE  
CHARACTER DESIGN, R. DEP BOYD  
AND EVERYONE ELSE INVOLVED WITH THIS  
PROJECT.  
GETTING INVOLVED WITH THE DIVE TEAM  
HAS MADE ME SO VERY HAPPY!

FROM NOW ON IN, I'M LOOKING FORWARD  
TO WATCHING OTHER ANGEL HIGH AND THE  
MANGA DANCE IN THE NOVELS—THIS, THAT,  
IS JUST ANOTHER PANTHER  
THANK YOU SO MUCH!



© 2001 YOSHIMURA

WCHM  
GENSH

Thank  
you for your  
serialization of  
The Devil is a  
part-Timer! (1931)  
Great job...!!

THROUGH EVERY CHAPTER, STANLEY VOLVED, AND BEEN  
PART OF MY ASSASSIN LIFE FOR A WHILE NOW. IT'S  
STILL FEELS LIKE THE NEXT CHAPTER OF HIGH SCHOOL.  
BECUASE I'M SHOWING UP AND REPORTING THAT'S HOW BIG A  
PART OF HIGH SCHOOL WORKS ANYMORE. I'M GONE  
AND BACK IN MY MIND IT REALLY FEELS LIKE HOME.  
GONE THOUGH, CUTIE. LIVELY CHARACTER ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE  
IN THIS MANGA. HIGH SCHOOL MIGHT BE ENDING HERE,  
BUT I ONLY HOPE I CAN SEE STANLEY AGAIN SOON.  
TIL' CHARACTERS AGAIN REPORT LONG.  
THANKS YOU VERY MUCH! O

THANK YOU VERY MUCH! 029

1

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SAVANNAH AND BOTH OF THE GATES ON THE DOORS AT A FLOOR WHICH OVERLOOKS STREETS, AND A SET OF A REAR DOOR, OR DOORS, ON THE SIDE, AND THE REST OF IT — AND ROOFS, AND A GATE OVER THE SIDEWALK, WHICH, AND AN OUTSIDE STAIRWAY, OR STAIRCASE.

PERHAPS, JUST LIKE GODDARD HIMSELF, "TODAY'S INVENTOR IS A DAY EARLY AND GODDARD WAS STILL AROUND." HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE, THOUGH. IT'S A MYSTERY, BUT BRAHMA, KALI — IN OTHER WORDS, EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE ANCIENT INVENTOR AND SOURCE OF TURKISH LIFE WITH HIS WORKS CAN STILL BE FOUND IN THE SOURCE.

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10.1. *Albion's first wife, Dorothy, died 1606. "Your wifes, Alibion's wifes, which is nowe 1606, was borne 1586."*

THE POINT IS, THE RISK FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF A HIGH SCHOOL, BUT TRANSITION TO MIDDLE SCHOOL AND HIGH SCHOOL LEVEL STRAINS AREN'T JUST AN ISSUE RELATED TO A HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL'S PERSONALITY OR BEHAVIOR. THEY ARE A PREDICTOR OF HOW WELL HE OR SHE WILL DO IN HIGH SCHOOL.

AS LONG AS YOU CONTINUE HAVE A SPONTANEOUS THERAPIST, THE PROTOCOLS OF EXISTENCE, WORKING, AND  
LIVING, WILL NOT CHANGE.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS CONSIDERED THE BUDGET BILL AND REJECTED THE BUDGET OF 1870 OF THE GOVERNMENT.  
REASON: THEIR BILL.—GIVING THREE MILLION A DAY, BESIDES, EVEN IN BOTH PT., AGAINST THE BUDGET, BUT,  
NOT AT ALL, ALLOWED.

And who doesn't realize that certain behaviors in your team are not really a welcome sight among  
customers?

# THE DEVIL IS A PART-TIMER! HIGH SCHOOL! ⑤

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Lettering: Braden Blakely

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

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100%

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# THE DEVIL IS A PARTY TIME HIGH SCHOOL

FLIP TO THE  
END OF THE BOOK  
TO READ A SPECIAL  
EXTRA STORY BY  
SATORU MURAMURA

you! You wouldn't even have to pay it back, either!"

"What? Not pay it back? You are certain of that? My liege! We must seize these opportunities at once! It is time to step up and make your Devil King hopes come true!"

"Why're you so excited, Ashiya...?"

"If the Devil King gets accepted, I suppose Ashiya-dono expects to be a partner at the university, then?"

As the group settled down in the chamber, chatting over a very important, slightly distant but still ominous, future looming over all of them, Chiba—annoyed by a persistent thumping from somewhere in her chest—whispered to herself as she looked out the window.

"Too bad it can't be like this forever."

A gust of wind carried several cherry blossoms through the air beyond the window, across the sky.  
Sitting very, very about to cry.

END.



Maou smiled and gently patted the head of his "daughter."

"Not being number one doesn't mean you aren't important. There's no point trying to find the absolute best thing when you don't have to."

"Uhh? Huh?"

"Hey, Maou?"

"Hm?"

Maou tilted his head at Eru calling his name.

"There are lots of different kinds of students, too, just like with employees."

"Where'd that come from?"

"To me, and to you, too, the students of this world are a total unknown. We were lucky enough to wind up in a world with some nice schools and people and stuff, and if we'd made a single mistake, it could've been a lot worse for us. But we're making it work here, aren't we?"

Eru picked up Alas Ratas and smiled.

"And I say that's fine. We don't have to figure out everything right now. I know you'll manage, somehow."

It sounded like encouragement with absolutely no hard-pics to back it up. But for a worry that potentially had no basis in real life anyway, that was good enough.

They were the Devil King and the Devil's offspring. That was about as unreal as it could get.

"That placement form's just for research anyway. It's not like you have to do exactly what you fill in. You could go to college with Chiko for all I care."

Chiko stood up at that comment.

"I'd love to go to school with everyone!"

"I, regrettably, am a year behind the rest of you. The thought makes me a tadmen jealous."

Suzuno, one year their junior, seemed a little bit lonely.

"Nonsense. You will likely have Lucifer to keep you company another year."

"Dude, Ashiya!"

The off-the-cuff suggestion made Urushihara finally reach the boiling point. Suzuno laughed to herself.

"But college wouldn't come with the kind of meal ticket I have right now, would it? No way the school store and Ashiya's salary could pay for tuition..."

University life wasn't completely off Maou's list, it seemed. But money presented a major obstacle.

Eru, surprisingly, handed him a life preserver.

"You could probably get some scholarship money with your grades, couldn't

"What about Ashaya-dono?"

"Ashaya's working for this school, which helps out all the students best. That connects to what people think about the school, which boosts its rating. We're a private school, remember. Rankings and reputation are super-important."

"..Indeed. Some of the teachers here are part-time as well."

Chiba mused this over.

Kiraku, her homeroom teacher, came in only a few times a week. Some of the other staff supplemented their incomes working for test-prep academies on the side.

"Of course, there's nothing wrong with working just to make money."

Maoe chose this moment to turn toward Eru.

"But actually trying to hash it out like that.. It's all kind of hazy. I'm sort of lost on what to do."

Eru didn't ask what he was talking about.

She knew well enough.

"Here, we're all focused on our studies.. In other words, we're doing our core job as students. I'm working at the store to help take care of Ashaya, Alas Ramus, and I guess Akashara. I'm on the student council to help improve the lives of Christian, Eric, Sora, and Risa Suzuki, of pretty much everyone here. And that's all been vital to me, but I don't know which one of these is most important when it comes to an actual career."

Maoe, just another student (except for the Devil King part), was having trouble coming to grips with his very broad dreams of being a decently paid employee.

It was like being given a boat, cast off into the open blue sea, and promptly losing all sense of direction.

Alas Ramus, finally tiring of banging against the lockers, waddled over to Maoe's feet.

Then, with her large, bright eyes, she looked up at him and said the one word that always weakened Maoe even well.

"Daddy. Who's most important to you?"

~~~~~

Maoe froze at the unexpected question.

Chiba, too, froze a bit.

Alas Ramus was essentially asking him to rank everyone in the student council chamber, best to worst.

For Chiba, who had feelings for Maoe, this was not a comfortable situation to be in. But—

".. You're a smart girl, Alas Ramus."



Suzuno's evaluation of Ashiya's and Maou's circumstances was cruel but true. "No matter where you venture off to, though, I want you clear the clutter from the locker before you go. Take only pictures and leave only ashes, as they say. It would be a tremendous burden on the younger students otherwise."

"Oh, what, I'm cleaner now?"

The "clutter," apparently at least somewhat self-aware, shrank out from within the locker.

"Maybe I'm jumping to conclusions, but I'm pretty sure you're going to college, hah. Chi-chan?"

"Y-yeah, I think so. I... I hasn't really thought about what I'd want to do for work yet."

Nobody was required by law to aim for a university spot after high school, but unless there was an industry they felt an immediate calling for, college was the likely destination for many students.

"I don't know where yet or what I'd major in or anything, but.. What about you, Maou-san..?"

"I've been find a salaried position somewhere."

"Huh?"

The speed of Maou's response, and the enigmatic grin by gave both of them a shiver. And just looked on innocently, having heard it all before.

"So you'll get an office job or something?"

"A wise choice, perhaps, in the times we live in..."

"Dude, what kind of place would hire you?"

"That's tracer..."

A self-effacing grin spread across Maou's face at the criticism coming from behind the locker door.

"What kind of work do you think a 'salaried employee' does, generally speaking?"

\_\_\_\_\_

This time, Ashiya joined Chiho and Suzuno in thought. He was the first to reply.

"...He works to help the company make a profit, doesn't he?"

"Yeah, but hourly employees are the same that way, right? Even a part-timer's job pretty much boils down to that. Of course, there are many philosophies for work and life, I suppose, but as long as you aren't working for a charity, priority number one with your job is always going to be making money for your company."

Maeu, Emi, Chiba, and (on paper, anyway) Aizu Ramaa were third-year students, the age at which they'd soon have to start seriously considering life after graduation.

"Do you have any particular direction in mind yet?"

"Well, I've kind of vaguely been thinking about it, but having this piece of paper telling me to write it all down concretely kinda gives me cold feet."

This wasn't the first time Emi had had to think about her post-graduation career.

She, Maeu, and Chiba had talked about the subject a little bit earlier. With her language skills, she had a clear vision of contributing her talents internationally, one way or another. Someone like Emi, who had ventured across all of Terra Isla to slay the Devil King, certainly had the talent, guts, and energy for it. If that was her mission in life, it'd be easy for her to proceed down that path.

"What about you?"

Emi beamed the question back at Maeu, who sat merrily in his president's chair.

—  
Silence. But it didn't get like he was trying to ignore her, either. Emi pursued it further.

"Hey, are you a self-employed?"

"Pardon?"

Ashuya eyes glared wide at the sudden question.

"What kind of position does the junta have on the school totem pole?"

It hardly seemed to matter now, but Ashuya understood the intent behind Maeu's question well enough.

"Sadly, I am on a fixed term—a contracted employee, in other words. My payment is provided by the hour. The principal has been rather kind in the conditions she has granted me, but..."

"What do you plan to do once I graduate?"

Ashuya fumbled a bit for words.

"That depends on my hope, is all I can say. It still offers a much better environment and benefit structure than your average part-time job. I enjoy a very kind relationship with the students and teachers. To be perfectly honest, I would be reluctant to leave. But considering my relationship with you, my love, I may feel compelled to quit depending on the path you choose to take in a year's time."

"Just so you know, you are not actually a housewife fretting over whether to join her husband on an overseas assignment."



She was the youngest of all the student council members in the chamber, but the way she held herself made her seem the most mature.

"This ghostly student, attending no classes and participating in no school clubs... Even as a ghost story or one of the seven mysteries of the school, he doesn't rate."

"Yeah, 'Urushihara-kun of the Student Council Chamber' won't exactly keep them enthralled around the campfire at night."

"You guys..."

Urushihara frowned as Sessho and Chiba dragged his name through the mud. It still wasn't enough to make him get out of the locker.

"Hey, what's the difference between expulsion and dismissal?"

The innocent question came from Eru.

"Expulsion is denoted in your record as having 'left school,' but if you are dismissed, it's like you never went to that school at all. Your record stops at whatever school you graduated from before that."

"Before that..."

Chiba, listening to Aishia, had something else more pertinent to ask.

"Has Urushihara-sen even graduated from middle school?"

It was a valid question. Chiba was the only person in the room who could be called a *normal* student.

The others came from other worlds, weren't human at all, or were quite literally *normal*.

"Not now."

"I highly doubt that."

"Absolutely impossible."

"Don't think so."

"Decades..."

The four of them chiming in all at once was enough of a shock to make Urushihara turn up just a bit. He indignantly turned his back to them before slamming the archaic locker door shut.

"Lad-sir! It's okay! You're a good kid! We know!"

Alas Rama, realizing Urushihara was riled, leaped out of Eru's arms and ran up to the locker. She was trying to cheer him up, no doubt, but banging on the metal door from the outside wasn't going to help much.

Sessho sighed.

"It has to be terribly uncomfortable in there, not to mention *awful*. I would think all of you have it quite a bit more difficult, however. You have less than a year left in your high school careers."

Eru bowed her head in apology to Kusak, but Chiko could tell that she was, like Misou, harboring all manner of feelings about this handout.

"Alas Rama-chan might have gotten off lightly here, but this career placement exam can have an effect on all of your permanent records. So no playing around with it, all right?"

"Yes, Sensei!"

It was hard to tell if Kusak was serious or joking. That was why her class responded with a complicated mood.

"Career placement? What's that? I don't remember writing anything like that before."

"The ghost that haunts the student council chamber," "The demon that stalks the archive lockers," "The ex-student council president who spends his life literally in the closet" . . . He had many names, but none of them were anything to be proud of.

Haruo Urahara, former head of the student body, was currently addressing a group of onlookers from his perch, lying down made his preferred locker. His audience had words on all four faces.

"Shouta, the current president, addressed the floor his executive chair.

"You used to hang out with Ooba himself when he was the supervisor of man. He never made you digonal."

"Dude, you thought I was, like, seriously trying to live a fulfilling student life or something? Yeah, I'm gonna take a hard pass."

It was a truly pathetic answer, and there was nothing that could be done.

"This is why you're going to be held back a year. Actually, haven't you already been held back?"

"Being held back is far too lenient a punishment. I would personally recommend expulsion or perhaps even dismissal from the system."

Shiro Ashiya, the hoodie-clad junta who served as external adviser to the president, stood next to Misou while delivering words that would strike fear into most any student.

"Simply allowing Lucifer to stay on school grounds denies the other students precious resources. In fact, what meager support we do receive from this school, my haga, is being frittered away by the presence of this other mouth to feed."

"The threat of being held back has hardly changed his ways. I fail to see why he deserves any resources at all."

Sunano Kanazaki added even more bite to Ashiya's assessment.



On that day, a single sheet of paper distributed during the morning assembly caused turmoil and agitation to spread among the students.

The handout, which every student was required to fill out and return by the following week, was greeted by a variety of responses.

Some sincerely took pen in hand and jotted away; others tilted their heads, not quite figuring out what they were being asked to do; others just tossed it onto their desks, figuring they could worry about it later.

"Masu-san?"

Chiho Sasuki belonged to none of these camps.

Her sheet still in her hand, she glanced toward the male student seated at the rear desk over, intently reading his own copy.

From the way he seemed to be deeply concerned—downright perturbed—by what he saw.

It wasn't like him—the man who overcame any difficult, thorny problem with a discerning smile and king-of-the-world attitude. He looked almost depressed, in fact.

"I wonder what he thinks about it..."

Sadou Masu's face offered no answer to the question Chiho turned over and over in her mind.

But she could tell that the handout affected Masu on a completely different dimension from the other students.

"Agh! Alias Barnes, stop that! No! That's an important present..."

Across from Masu, Eimi Yano—Chiho's classmate, friend, and a student whose origins were a little strange, just like Masu's—was being driven into a panic by her "daughter," the ever-mysterious Alias Barnes, tearing up the sheet in front of her.

Their teacher, Mayumi Kisaki, chuckled at the child's classic naughty-baby maneuver.

"It might be a bit early for her to handle this material just yet... You can pick up another copy in the staff office later, Echuu."

"I... sorry..."



SHORT  
STORY

# THE DEVIL IS A PART- TIME? HIGH SCHOOL!

